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The Palace of the Night

and Other Poems

By SARAH ROBERTS WALLBAUM

ILLUSTRATIONS
BY
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Dedicated to
My Beloved Mother

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The Palace of the Night

IS there anything more glorious,
Is there anything more grand,
Than to stand within Thy Palace,
Lighted only by Thy hand?

On Thy walls hang wondrous paintings,
Varied colors rich and rare;
Human hand has ne'er been able
To portray the beauties there.

And Thy richly studded ceiling,
With its precious jewel stars,-
Venus in her stately setting,
Throwing love-light out to Mars.

With Thy opalescent moonbeams
All aglow with heavenly Light,-
Oh, how grand and Oh, how glorious!
Is the palace of the night.

Thy floor so richly covered
With its soft dark velvet grass,
Free, for one and all to traverse,
Free, for one and all to pass.

'Tis a palace all can enter,
Not for royalty alone,
'Tis ruled by the King of justice,
On a throne not made of stone.

Oh, the grandeur of Thy beauties!
Oh, the majesty of might!
Blazoned forth within Thy Palace,
The palace of the night.

Stand Porter at the Door of Thought

Stand Porter at the Door of Thought!
And welcome only those
Who build the Kingdom from within,
And give the Soul repose.

Love and Hate

SAID the Demon of Hate
To the Angel of Love,
What is all this talk
About God from above?

The King of my Kingdom
Is Monarch of all,
And can sway the whole world
With wormwood and gall.

He has blast'd the castles
And poison'd the hearts
Of men the world over,
With fiery darts.

He has cover'd the fields
Where lilies have grown,
With blood from your heroes
And laugh'd at their moan.

He has planted despair
In the hearts of the young,
And started them downward
With venomous tongue.

He has taken the great,
He has taken the small,
And lock'd them in dungeon
With chain and with ball.

Ha! Angel of Love,
We have prov'd to you this,-
Ruler of Paradise
And Heavenly bliss.

Said the Angel of Love,
To the Demon of Hate,
Thou art Error's disguise,
In the blackest state.

My God is Omnipotent,
Eternal and Right,
He Illumines the World
With Infinite Light.

He has lifted the fallen
He has heal'd the maim'd,
And started them upward
With courage regain'd.

He has wip'd away tears,
He has quieted moan,
And planted the Lilies
Where Thistles have grown.

He has heal'd the sting
Of your venomous tongue,
And gladdened the hearts
Of old, and of young.

He has open'd the doors
Of your Dungeons of Night,
And freed your chain'd inmates
With Truth and with Light.

He is ruler of earth,
Of wind and of sea,
And made man in his image
True, God-like and free.

Yea, black Demon of Hate,
Thou art Error's disguise,
The serpent of Eden,
A phantom that dies.

Love

Love the Greatest fertilizer
Is Omnipotent, and so
Can make the frailest flower,
Blossom like the Golden Glow.

The Birth of Day

WE stood at the window watching,
Awaiting the birth of day,
While the Queen of night
Receded from sight
'Neath a cloud of sombre gray.

And the stars were fast retiring
To their Celestial beds;
They had watched all night
With twinkling light
And were nodding their sleepy heads.

Slowly King Light was appearing,
Painting the Heavens with rose;-
He had studied apart
With the Master of Art
In the Holy Realm of Repose.

Then Lo! in wondrous beauty,
Bursts forth the Dawn so bright!
The King of Day
Had sent Night away
And flooded the world with Light.

We thank thee, O God, for the Sunrise;-
We thank thee for the birth of day;-
And may we be led
By the Master who said
"Lo, I am with thee alway."

Opportunity

'TIS false, My friends,
That I come no more.
I am still knocking,
Outside your door.

If you'll but open
And let me in,-
'Tis never too late
To Wake and Begin.

I bring to you gems
From my Golden Store,
If you'll but listen
And open your door.

Awake, my friends,
And let me in!
'Tis never too late
To Wake and Begin.

Forget

Forget the dark days with their clouds,
With their storms of hardship and grief;
To recall them lessens the sunshine,
That falls on today's Golden Sheaf.

Don't Let Your Courage Wane

DON'T let your courage wane,
There's a turn to every lane;
Just keep going with your face toward the sun,
No matter what they say
Just keep going on your way
And some day victory you'll have won.

There's plenty who will laud,
And plenty who'll applaud,
When endeavors have been crowned with success
But there's one who's always near,
One who offers Love and Cheer,
Trust and Know and your efforts he will bless.

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